

Little Things.
A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling.
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows ploughed by
care,
The lines on your forehead you once called
fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say "You are kind,
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I
find;

For love is tender as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged heights.

We starve each other for love's excess,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some souls to bless,
But we dole the love gradually, less and
less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

Betrothed by the Dawn.

Mr. D'Herbie awoke at the very hour he had intended. The gray light of dawn fell on the flowers of his bedroom curtains.

He opened the window and looked out on the dim landscape still asleep. The trees and fields of a dull green color melted away into the far and misty horizon without exhibiting a sign of life or motion.

In the east glimmered a faint indication of pink light.

Mr. D'Herbie remembered his love and his morning appointment. In five minutes he had dressed and descended the stairs into the garden, where his big greyhound greeted him with a bark of delight, accompanied by frantic leaps of joy and pleasure.

"Be quiet, Tiger!"

Then, in vain trying to repress the animal, he added,

"Come along, then."

The greyhound started off quick as an arrow through a half open door, and his master smiled as he watched him. He saw him bounding along over the vineyards by a path of which he knew every inch. It was a path they took together every day and it led to the last cottage of the little hamlet, to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Simons, wealthy New Yorkers, and their daughter, Miss Ethel.

"I wonder if she is awake yet," thought Mr. D'Herbie. "Has she not made a bet with me? Can it really be true that we are going together to watch the sun rise from the top of the tower of Alaspret?"

For the past three months he had been flirting with Miss Ethel!

It began at Paris and had been continued here in the country, where he had been clever enough to induce the Simonses to come and spend the summer.

He hoped that he would have fewer rivals here.

For he already felt the pangs of jealousy, was madly in love with the young American, and with all his heart he wished to make her his wife.

He had no fear that he would be a pleasing son-in-law to the old people. He was rich, of good family, and possessed many fine qualities.

The question was, will she consent? There was so much coquetry in her playful ways; so much reserve, too, in her sudden moods of cold silence that he hardly knew what to think.

Sometimes with her musical laughter, her arch and soft glances, she made him conscious of a feeling of nearness and familiarity that was as suddenly dispelled by a frigid goodby that instantly brought him back again to his position utterly disconcerted.

Only yesterday, pointing to the tower of Alaspret which from a lofty cliff commands a view over the whole country of Caux for 10 miles round, she had said to him:

"Is it true, as the legend says, that the girls of the village follow the custom of climbing alone with the men to whom they are engaged to see the sun rise from that tower?"

And he had answered:

"It is indeed a superstition that belongs to this part. A betrothed couple never fail to observe it. They believe that if the sun rises behind clouds and is invisible the marriage will be an unhappy one; but if it rises bright and unclouded it is a sign that their future is to be bright and happy."

And with laughter in her voice she had said:

"Oh! but then the sun must have spoiled many a marriage by not showing himself!"

"Such a thing has been known," he answered, "though very rarely. In nine cases out of ten the love of the betrothed proceeds unchanged as before. If the omen is unfavorable they are incredulous and set it at defiance; and they only accept it if favorable to their love."

Then Miss Ethel had said: "It

must be a lovely sight to see the sun rise over the country. I should like to go up the tower some day."

He looked into the depths of her lovely eyes.

"It will be splendid, to-morrow, Miss Ethel."

"Do you think so, really? If so, I shall go."

"And er—might I be allowed to accompany you?" he stammered.

She looked him straight in the face with a proud glance that was indescribable.

"You may do so, if you wish."

He was now on his way to the appointed meeting place. A peculiar rendezvous, perhaps, but not any more so than the moments of solitude which they had spent together on the water or on the veranda of the cottage.

The Simonses had perfect confidence in their daughter. She followed her own sweet will! None the less the thought passed through Mr. D'Herbie's brain that she had fooled him.

"If by any chance she is awake and up, perhaps concealed behind the blinds of her bedroom window, how she will laugh to see me waiting here patient and disappointed. I shall look ridiculous! Ah! if only she were not quite so lovely."

But at this moment a new impulse of hope made his heart beat. He had just seen Tiger before the railing of the cottage. The dog's lean body was trembling with the joy a dog shows when he hears a friend approaching. Almost at the same minute Miss Ethel made her appearance. Her golden hair fell in waving lengths from under her little straw hat. She wore a pink dress; her tiny feet were cased in yellow leather shoes, her hands in pretty brown gloves.

"Good morning," she said.

This was uttered in a tone so dry and frigid that the gushing thanks Mr. D'Herbie had prepared stuck in his throat and refused to come out.

In silence they both entered the little path that led through the woods to the tower.

An odor of damp earth rose from the leaves and grasses. All was wrapped in profound silence. Not a sound stirred the air. There was an impression of loneliness and solitude. The strangeness of the hour and the place and the unusual earnestness of their rising hour, combined with their impressions to produce in the young couple a certain feeling of melancholy not without its charm.

They were also aware of a feeling of awkwardness between them, which their modesty rather made them shrink from. Each at his and her own audacity.

However, they had gone too far to turn back, and feeling the charm of an adventure which brought them thus together, they kept most of their thoughts for the sunrise. Moreover, as the hour approached they felt a presentiment that the oracle really was about to decide their engagement. They soon left the pine trees behind them and entered groves, first of birch and then of beech trees. Blue heather flowers grew upon a carpet of moss and the pointed needles of resin glistened in the dim light.

Rocks lay about on all sides in crumbling heaps, and the little mountain path wound in and out up the steep sides of the slope on whose summit, though invisible as yet, the tower stood.

Suddenly a turn of the path brought it into sight, rising up straight and strong, its battlements and gray walls outlined against the dull gray of the sky.

In the midst of a pile of ruins covered with lichens and bristling with tall wild grasses stood the last vestige of the old feudal days of the Chateau d'Alaspret.

Miss Ethel, slightly out of breath after her climb, stood looking toward the east, where the first lights of the dawn played over a purple sky and the clouds seemed like flakes of floating pink.

"Are we in time?" she asked.

Mr. D'Herbie bent his head thoughtfully.

"There are a great many clouds," he sighed. "I am afraid the sun will be hidden."

"Ah, she said, and no one could have told whether she said it in a tone of regret or of hope.

A hare started at their feet among the dew. Tiger, who was describing wide circles round them at a gallop, saw the little animal and at once gave chase.

This diversion amused Miss Ethel, especially when she saw the greyhound return looking sheepish at not catching his prey, which had speedily been lost in the mists.

They advanced together a few steps.

They found themselves hesitating almost in front of the central keep, which led into the dark shadows of the winding staircase. She cast a shy glance at her knight.

"Do you really want to climb up there? I think we can see quite well enough from here." He turned upon her a reproachful look that was both anxious and penetrating.

"Are you afraid, Miss Ethel? That is not right."

His remark stung her pride. She began bravely to climb the dark staircase. D'Herbie followed her.

They climbed up, and for a long time in semi-darkness, only exchanging the most trivial remarks, and then suddenly, the full daylight nearly dazzled them.

They passed out on to a little platform, and Miss Ethel, flushed with her exertion, uttered a cry of delight at the expansive country before her.

A tremendous circle of hills, valleys and woods surrounded them.

That triangular mirror of glittering metal far below them is the ocean seen through the long vista of a valley.

The forests of Alaspret, from the foot of the tower to the horizon, spread out a wide expanse of softly rounded hills, which melted into the distance in blue haze. The country reminded one of a carpet that had been pieced together. Those golden spots, here and there, are the corn fields, those gray stones are villages—one can see the face of the church tower clocks like so many white points. A stream between willow-clad banks flows down there in the distance—a strip of silver lace, hemmed with gold. From all sides rises the moisture from the earth in gray masses of vapor. It swathed the tower of the keep in an ever-moving stream like a continent submerged in a sea of mist.

The east grew rosier. The clouds were ablaze with purple colors. They looked as if they were lighted with gigantic embers of some glowing forge.

The silence tended to increase that feeling of mystery and thoughtful spirit of religious poetry which comes with the dawn and spreads over the earth.

"Ah!" said the two voices together. The sun had just shot his first gleam through a break in the clouds. They dispersed and fled away so rapidly it looked as if a giant broom was sweeping space. Then the great disk of the sun in his glory rose in the midst of the rose-colored sky.

"Ethel," sighed Mr. D'Herbie. He saw her shining with a beautiful splendor, bathed in the living rays of the sun.

She seemed to him the central beauty of the landscape vibrating with life and light. Her haughty loveliness was softened with a tender grace, and tears were glistening in her pure eyes.

"Look," he said, "the sky is clear."

And, indeed, not a cloud was to be seen. The air was ablaze with light; the sun was slowly rising in the sky. The sea of mist that surrounded the tower could be seen melting away and evaporating. And the circle in which they stood seemed to absorb the colors and lights with all the rich splendors of the woods, the cornfields and the meadows.

A fresh and laughing youth was abroad on the earth and in the soft touch of the wandering breeze.

Scarcely perceptible mists rose from the roofs of the cottages below. Then the Angelus sounded out; others answered back, faint and sweet, like the song of the larks. The birds were beginning to wake; life was active on all sides!

Then in the warm glow of light which seem to fold them in a circle of gold, Miss Ethel Simons placed her firm little hand in that of Mr. D'Herbie. He drew closer to her, and she made no resistance while these two, betrothed on the tower by the dawn in face of the sun and the world, exchanged the solemn vows of eternal love and registered it with a first kiss.

—[Translated from *Courrier Des Etais Unis.*]

"Crab's-Eye" Pills.

It is not generally known that up to recent years a medicine was prepared from the common crawfish. In the stomach of this creature there are almost always found small calcareous concretions, from the size of a pin's head to the size of a pea. The little stony ball is composed of carbonate and phosphate of lime, and was formerly powdered and used in doses of three or four grains to correct acidity of the stomach. Prepared chalk has now taken the place of the "crab's-eye," as these concretions were called, but occasionally persons are found who consider their more efficacious than the less repulsive substitute.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

GASOLINE AS A RENOVATOR.

Gasoline will remove spots from the most delicate fabrics and leave no trace behind of its use. It will also renovate feathers and clean the plainest or the richest lace. The lace is plunged into a small pan of gasoline just as one would wash it in water. Gasoline, however, dries almost instantly. It is also a fine thing to use in removing spots from woollen clothing of all descriptions, and from the backs of schoolgirls' waists who wear their hair braided down their backs. Keep far away from the fire when using this liquid.

HINTS FOR DISHWASHERS.

The woman who can find any way of making dishwashing, if not a pleasant task, at least a less disagreeable one than it is now, should be canonized by her grateful sisters. One woman, who has spent much time in experimenting in this branch of household labor, makes the following suggestions:

"Nothing is better for cleaning greasy dishes, especially cooking pans and kettles, than an old whisk-broom. It removes the tenacious particles that have fastened to the kettles and spiders much better than a knife or an iron dishcloth. It is invaluable for cleaning graters. To keep the hands from getting hard and chapped after dishwashing rub them with cider vinegar. Clear lemon juice is also excellent."—[New York World.]

UNKNOWN PORTION OF THE BULLOCK.

Physicians and chemists are continually telling us that the cheaper cuts of beef possess more real nutritive value than those which are called of the first quality; and yet few housekeepers have sufficient courage to lessen their butchers' bills by buying the less expensive portions. There are several reasons for this—a lack of courage, an insufficient knowledge of culinary art, and, more than anything else, a disinclination to change what is known for the unknown. But when it is considered that a "prime bullock" weighs about 1,600 pounds, and that what is called "first quality" meat weighs only 180, it will be readily seen that there is a large quantity of the animal that is never known to the average housewife.

What lady, for example, is familiar with such portions as "the chuck," "the rump," "the shank," "the flank," "the plate" and "the clod;" and yet these portions are as nutritious, and, if properly cooked, as desirable as those which command much higher prices. A flank steak, for instance, is extremely good. "Chuck" ribs, which come under the shoulder blade, are as good for boiling or braising as what is usually called a "rib roast." The rump makes capital a la mode beef; and the other portions may be utilized and converted into good and nutritious food.—[New York Tribune.]

RECIPES.

Plain Corn Bread—A heaping pint of corn meal, one pint of sour milk (or buttermilk), one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Mix, pour into greased gem pans or baking pan and bake.

Giblets—Clean the giblets of a turkey or chicken, cut the gizzard into quarters and separate the lobes of the liver. Stew them in water to cover, with an onion, salt and pepper. When tender, thicken the liquor with flour and butter cooked together; add tomato or walnut ketchup to taste, and serve on toast.

Sweet Potato Croquettes—Boil half a dozen medium-sized sweet potatoes; peel and mash until there are no lumps; season with salt and butter, make into cone shape, dip them into beaten egg, then into fine bread crumbs and fry in a kettle of hot fat. After they are mashed, if you squeeze them through a colander before seasoning, it makes them very fine. If too dry, add a little milk.

Apple Dumpling—Six apples, peeled, cored and sliced, one cupful of sugar. Line six coffee cups, well greased, with pastry rolled and cut thin; wet the edges, fill with apples and part of the sugar, cover with pastry cut to fit the cup, put in a shallow stewpan large enough to hold them, with boiling water to reach half way up the cups; steam them forty-five minutes; turn them out on a dish, sift sugar over them and serve with sauce.

Paris University is the largest in the world, having 9215 students. Vienna University comes next with 6229 students, and Berlin University is third.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS.

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

KILLED BY A RUNAWAY CAR.

THREE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES AND TWO WOMEN ARE SERIOUSLY INJURED.

A runaway car on the incline plane at the Phillips Glass Works, at Mapleton, ran into a crowd of passengers at the Pennsylvania railroad station, killing Archie Dill, William Temple and John Barclay instantly. Nerva Wilson and Daisy Banks were seriously injured. A hundred or more persons were standing on a side track, which connects the Phillips company's works with the Pennsylvania railroad, awaiting the arrival of a passenger train. Suddenly the runaway car, heavily laden, ran into them. The wonder is that many more were not killed or wounded. The incline of the side track is very great and the car came down with tremendous velocity.

THE OHIO LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The depth of water in the channel of the Ohio at Bellair, O., is but seven inches. Captain William Dillon, inspector of hulls for the port of Wheeling, who is one of the oldest rivermen hereabouts, says that this stage is the lowest that has been known for 50 years. He remembers that in 1836 there was but 10 inches in the channel at Wheeling, and he recalls pushing a baby carriage loaded with butternuts across the river at that time. The Juniata, a small steamer, ran aground on Wheeling creek bar that year, and had to remain there all summer.

JUDICIAL DECISION ON ONE POINT IN THE BAKER LAW.

Judge Yerkes at Norristown gave as his opinion upon the right of the voter to take a friend in the booth with him to mark the ballot. The judge says that if a man happens to forget his spectacles he cannot be deprived of his vote because he cannot see, but may call in a friend to help him. One who is unable to read may also have a friend in the booth to tell him how to mark his ballot; or a voter may, says the judge, have a ballot marked beforehand, take that in the booth and mark the one given to him by the election officer by comparison.

GALLERY JUNCTION IN RUINS.

The little village of Gallery Junction, where the Butler branch of the Pittsburg and Western railroad diverges from the main line, was completely wiped out by fire Saturday morning. The settlement consisted only of about a dozen frame buildings, and high wind, lack of water and fire apparatus, precluded any attempt to stop the flames. The fire broke out in Patrick Murray's pool room, and in less than two hours the village was a heap of smouldering ruins. The loss is about \$10,000, with very little insurance.

YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN KILLED.

An accident on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road at Lehigh resulted in the death of two young people, Edward C. Solar and Ella Cole, who had been calling on a friend and who were returning upon the track. An engine was backing and they thought it was on the other track. The girl was killed instantly and the young man died soon after. Their home was but a few yards away.

The Baltimore & Ohio flyer, westbound, struck a cab containing Michael Kane and wife of Philadelphia at Darby junction, killing both the occupants and scattering their remains along the track half a mile. The driver was thrown 40 feet in the air, but escaped with slight injuries.

Is a freight wreck on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad at Birdsboro, Berks county, many cars were destroyed and engineer Miller and fireman Kessel were badly injured.

There is a water famine in the vicinity of Scottsdale and Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, and if a fire should start nothing can be done to stop it.

At Taylorstown, stone throwers have been bombarding private houses nightly. Armed parties are patrolling the country seeking a clew.

While an unknown Slav was endeavoring to crawl under a freight train at Bellwood, the train moved and the man's head was cut from his body.

The Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company has begun the construction of the largest coal breaker in the world at Ashley. The plant will cost \$250,000 and will employ about 2,000 men and boys.

At Pottsville, the *Mines' Journal* building, occupied by real estate offices and various clubs, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$75,000.

Mrs. NICHOLAS REAY, aged 78, of Butler, while walking on the West Penn track was struck by an engine and instantly killed.

At Bellefonte, Pa., fire destroyed three large saws, two smaller buildings and the large residence belonging to Dr. Robert Hays, together with the Bush Arcade. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$10,000.

Strange Coincidences.

Whenever coincidences are under discussion Captain A. E. Anderson, of the Hudson River steamer Mary Powell, tells of two odd cases which he "ran up against" one day during the summer of 1889. His steamer was lying at the foot of Vestry street, Poughkeepsie, when a man boarded her and said to the Captain:

"I have lost my trunk, and cannot tell if it was taken off the boat or not."

Captain Anderson quite naturally asked:

"What is your name?"

"A. E. Anderson," was the reply.

"My initials and surname exactly," returned the Captain.

"My full name is Ambrose Eltinge Anderson," was the stranger's next retort.

Almost dumfounded, he found that the Captain's name was the same, letter for letter.

The same afternoon an elderly lady boarded the Mary Powell at Newburgh, remarking to the Captain, as she handed in her ticket, that her name was Mary Powell also. Upon carefully inspecting the ticket with the Captain's name upon it, she continued:

"I see your name is A. E. Anderson. My maiden name was Anderson, and my father's full name was Ambrose Eltinge Anderson."

The Mary Powell's captain fled in terror, declaring that his boat was bewitched.—St. Louis Republic.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

CUT DOWN BY MINES.

This Happened to Quite a Large Tree in Front of the 7th Ind.

GEN. GRANT in Vol. 11 of his Memoirs speaks of a tree 18 inches in diameter being cut down by musket-balls. I want to tell you what I know about that. We of the 7th Ind., were in line before the Johnnies near Spottsylvania Courthouse on the morning of May 12, 1864, when the good news came down our line that Hancock's Second Corps had charged that morning just before daylight and captured 4,000 prisoners, two field officers, 23 cannons, a great many small-arms, and several stands of colors. Of course we were much pleased at this news, and threw up our hats and shouted with all the force of our lungs. About this time our regiment was ordered to make a forced march to the left; and after marching four or five miles we heard the roar of heavy musketry in our front, and pushing forward across a hollow and up a little hill, we came up to and relieved a regiment that had been firing in front of a rebel fort since early morning, which had not yet surrendered to Hancock. We were drawn up within 100 feet of the fort, and our orders were to fire as fast as possible, and we kept a constant stream of balls pouring over this fort, so that the Johnnies could not raise their heads above the breastworks to fire at us without being hit with our bullets.

We continued firing until late in the evening, when, after our guns had become so dirty we could hardly get a ball down them, we were relieved and moved back to our old position in the line just beyond the fort, and in a line with our firing stood a large tree, which, when our regiment was relieved appeared to be almost cut down, and when the regiment started back to its old position, Capt. Jeffrey requested me to stay and see if it did actually fall. In about two hours after our regiment left the fort, the Johnnies shot up the white flag just as the tree fell to the ground. I was so glad it was over and started up the hill to the fort where Hancock's Corps had charged early in the morning. It had been raining all day and part of the night before, and the mud was deep. The dead and wounded had been removed, knapsacks, portulicos, writing paper pens and inks, letters, etc., were scattered all over the hill-side. I got on top of the fort, and what a sight! Worse than a slaughter-pen—muddy, b'ooty, and as wet as if they had swam the river. There were 300 in the entrenchments, every one of them more or less wounded, and many dead. They were calling for food and help. The scene was so deeply stamped upon my memory that it seems but yesterday, though it is 28 years ago. After talking to the wounded for some time I returned to my regiment; and I never could tell why our regiment had been brought so far to do that work, when there were others so much nearer.

It is said a part of that tree had been taken to Washington City. Is that true? Also, I would like to hear from other comrades what they know about this particular fort.—A. D. SPENCER in National Tribune.

PREMONITIONS.

A Comrade Thinks Soldiers are Sometimes Warned of Death.

Do soldiers have premonitions of their death before going to battle? Yes, I think that they do, and in numerous cases have been cited truthfully that occurred during the late civil war. I will relate the following incident, which came under my personal observation, and which seems a clear case of premonition that soldiers are impressed with a strong foreboding that they are to meet death in battle, and invariably it has proved true.

My regiment during the afternoon of May 19, 1864, moved across the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania turnpike and through the gap in the stone wall on to the historical Harris Farm, taking position upon a rolling interval of ground south of the Harris Mansion. Here the regiment formed in line and rested for a short time, the first battalion resting on the right, with the 3d battalion resting on the left, near a strip of woods. The boys were laughing and joking, there being no signs of a battle, or that there would be one.

Soon the scene changed, however, as I saw Cos. D and F enter the woods in our front, and listened to the continuous roar of musketry that followed; for they had struck Rodes's Division, of Ewell's Corps, and there was sharp business ahead for the boys. I stood under the colors, and as I looked down the long line of blue I saw many faces that were expressions of calmness, and others of determination, and some were pale and anxious. As I stood there with Old Glory flapping against my face, I shall never forget the pale features and anxious look of Capt. Wm. G. Thompson, who, laying his hand upon my arm, remarked: "Well, Corporal, how do you feel about going into battle?"

"Captain," I answered, "this looks like business, and some of us have come to stay; but I am going to trust in Providence, and think that I will come out all right." He remarked, "I am going to be killed, and I cannot help feeling so."

The Captain's words were verified, for within twenty minutes after the regiment went into action Capt. Wm. G. Thompson, so brave a man as ever drew a sword, was carried to the rear mortally wounded.—Wm. CRANE, in National Tribune.

SOME SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY HAS SERVED notice that trailing dresses are liable to sweep up cholera germs. If the warning will only cause a removal of the trail, the Asiatic plague will not have hovered near us in vain.

WHY not make the cactus the national flower? It has more fine points than any yet mentioned.